

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/3605667) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/3605667>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Fire Emblem: Kakusei Fire Emblem: Awakening , Fire Emblem Series
Relationship:	Chrom/Male My Unit Male Avatar/Chrom
Character:	Chrom , Riviera Libra , Licht Ricken , Sumia (Fire Emblem) , Olivia (Fire Emblem) , Lucina (Fire Emblem) , Liz Lissa , Frederick (Fire Emblem) , Henry (Fire Emblem) , Sallya Tharja , Guire Gaius , Lon'qu , Male My Unit Avatar , Robin , Soiree Sully , Sort Stahl , Tiamo Cordelia , Male Marc Morgan , Chrom (Fire Emblem) , Denis Donnel , Donny
Stats:	Published: 2015-03-24 Chapters: 1/? Words: 5747

Scripted Fidelity

by [Lendra](#)

Summary

Time is no obstacle to rattle the foundation of fate, and when Robin awakes alone in a field, he can do little to shake the familiarity of it all. If all can be reversed and destiny rewritten, what will happen when Chrom isn't there to take his hand from the start?

Notes

Thank you all so much for taking the time to read my first posted work! As I checked off, this is a joint piece between my girlfriend and I! We are terribly fond of Robin and Chrom and there is so little for these boys in the fandom, we couldn't help but create something of our own.

We hope this is to your liking and please keep in mind, two people are writing this so you may notice a slight difference in styles. As excruciating as our writing may be, I hope you all enjoy!

Sound was the first thing to come; muffled chirps and trills of various insects, louder than expected and almost unfamiliar in tone. They were close....oddly close. Soft rustling, both from the legs of

those little insects clinging to long blades of grass and from the slightest breeze that swept overhead was the next thing to register in the darkness. That darkness began to soften, lighten and become redder in hue.

I'm asleep...

A ridiculous thought. If it really were unconsciousness that caused this strange state of confused listening, then the thought couldn't occur, period. Unless this was a strangely realistic dream.

I'm waking up then.

It may have even been more ridiculous that he was now flatly coming to a compromise with himself on the earlier notion of being fully asleep and yet still thinking consciously.

Soft blackness cracked open to harsh light and the sound he heard now became an uncomfortable grunt from the back of his own throat. Yes, he was indeed waking somewhere. The question was where in god's name it was.

With a stiffness to his movement, he rose from where he'd lain, feeling quite sore and terribly dazed before taking the time to really observe his surroundings.

The expanse of the horizon was rich with thick patches of grass and wild flowers freckled about the field. The occasional overgrowth and an even more intermittent cluster of trees made up the majority of what he could observe before him until everything dissipated into the warm glow of the rising sun.

Realistically speaking, the scenery evoked such a feeling of serenity, and yet he felt little else than unease. His surroundings were unfamiliar at best. What's more, he couldn't recall at all how he had ended up in such a placid location. His fingers pushed into his hair, furrowing his brows heavily as he did his best to properly recall the events that could have lead up to such circumstances.

And yet, despite his efforts, everything was turning up entirely blank.

The slightest bit of panic was beginning to pulsate through him, a level of anxiety settling into the notches of his spine and threatening to click its way up to the back of his mind. But he was nothing if not practical. Throwing himself into the haze of troubling uncertainty and worry would make the answers all the more difficult to find. Taking a moment to breathe, he began to pat himself down, observing the clothing he was wearing; checking for a satchel, a knapsack, a pouch, pockets, anything. Any possessions he had were few and far between, though he was not entirely without chattels. There were a few bundles of papers, a couple of knick-knacks, a pathetic amount of single notes and a torn piece of parchment that he'd only found after pulling off his small overcoat.

Pressing his fingers to his temple, his white brows were guttering once more as he didn't find a single morsel of food, nor a map to perhaps gather some semblance of locality. He only hoped the folded papers had more to tell him, gently unfolding them as they seemed somewhat fragile.

At first, it appeared to be some sort of official document, the format foreign, though he could gather enough to know it was certifying something.

These were...naturalization papers? No, they were worded a bit differently...This was certainly just acknowledging the named individual was a citizen of the country Ylisse.

The thumping inside his chest rose quickly, feeling anxiety and relief all in one as he realized the name on the page was his own. These were his documents. He was a resident of Ylisse.

So why did his very own birth country not conjure up more memories than it was now? He felt he knew the definition of the place, something akin to a textbook passage of it's history, but nothing like someone would know or feel of their own homeland. What had happened inside his head to leave him in such a blank state?

At the very least, he needn't worry about being in any trouble with authorities should he ever run into a situation of that nature...but as far as he could tell, civilization wasn't actually...a main issue. Rather, the lack of it was.

Another soft grunt slipped through his lips as he stood, brushing away broken blades of dry grass and just the slightest hint of soil while the folded pages were gently tucked away once more. At the very least, he was in a rather lush area. If he were really that far from other people, he was certain he could survive at least a good two weeks or more on the land, that knowledge leaving him a bit more at ease. Priority one for now would be simply centering himself, discovering his cardinal directions, and perhaps finding a bit of water before getting too far.

It was probably best to find high ground if at the least to try and survey his surroundings, though he had been walking for nearly an hour, perhaps more if he was judging the position of the sun correctly and the land thus far had remained relatively flat. The sporadic appearance of a knoll or two did little to give him purchase and he felt rather silly scuttling up to the top to find he was staring at the exact scenery he'd been staring at and no water thus far.

At the very least, he could sort out his memories, or lack thereof during his quest for civilization, granted he wasn't meandering about in circles without knowing it with everything so similar in appearance. It was odd enough that he awoke upon daybreak completely isolated and with so little at his disposal. If he had been journeying far, he would have at *least* hoped he'd be smart enough to have brought supplies. It would explain a bit more if he had been mugged, but again, he could do little to test his theory with no memory.

"This is pathetic..." It was really the first time he'd spoken and his voice almost surprised him. Trying to keep himself optimistic wasn't necessarily hard, but he certainly wouldn't deny he was feeling very frustrated. Without the ability to judge his progress, he felt he was making none what so ever. He had to keep moving if he was actually going to get anywhere, but he felt very little motivation or incentive to pick a direction and stick with it.

If nothing else, he could continue his general path and avoid walking directly into the sun and hope for the time being that it was in a route he wanted to go.

He didn't necessarily account for another hour or two of walking and still finding little to act as a mile marker. He was beginning to grumble to himself as the sun was climbing higher. Lifting one pale hand to shade his eyes, he hoped to maybe tell the time by sun position, but as his luck would have it, one glance away from his path and his foot caught on some offensive object, presumably a rock out of place and he was flailing to catch his balance. Once he regained his poise and was ready to explode at that point, he was whipping around to glare daggers at the rock before plucking it up and hurling it into the distance; snorting once with a gruff nod and feeling quite justified at his momentary mad outburst.

Turning to continue on, he paused a moment when he only just happened to notice that the rock was, in fact, lining what could only be a dirt road.

He stared in disbelief for a moment, eyes trailing along the path to further convince himself he wasn't seeing things in his slight hysteria, but it continued on as inoffensively as any dirt road could; it was almost mockingly comical.

However, just along the dip of the road and lifting above the peak of a hill was just the kind of reprieve he could have ever hoped for as a rather simple horse-pulled supply carriage was making its rickety way toward him. With an excitement pulsing through him, he was immediately rushing forward to wave it down before he abruptly lost his footing and fell face first into the dirt; a cloud of dust and dry soil billowing around him upon impact.

-

"Boy, you're sure lucky I came along if you ain't carrying nothing to protect yourself." Luckily, the humiliation of eating a mouthful of dirt before frantically flagging down the passing farmer seemed to be kindly brushed over. "You're welcome to climb in the back with my boy, just mind the crop. Don't crush nothin'."

A thumb hooked over his shoulder as the middle aged man peered down from beneath a large and tattered straw hat; a very typical looking farmer...almost laughable with how quaint it seemed. Despite the act of kindness, he could tell this man was not unguarded, not naive. "Don't take it personal, but we're both armed. Been trouble with bandits all over lately. Surprised y'mother ain't sent 'ya off with knife or nothin' if yer travelin' alone."

So the mugging seemed like an all the more probable explanation now. Head trauma would seem reasonable to expect as well, but his skull felt fine, to be honest. Could the work of mages be to blame? A hex, perhaps?

Nodding in understanding and thanks, he dusted off dirtied pants and shirt a bit more and rounded the wagon, seeing a set of eyes peeking back. That must have been the armed son, as mentioned before. The shaggy brown hair led him to believe he was just barely reaching his teens, even more so when he reached the back and saw the baby face and slightly ill-fitting work clothes.

"Sorry to intrude - Thank you again."

The boy remained wary even so, something admirable and perhaps a bit unsettling as his stare didn't falter even after he had finished flicking off the last bit of visible dust from his boots. As much as he didn't want to gawk straight back at him, he found it was far more awkward attempting to avoid eye contact and hence began a rather patchy, unofficial staring contest with the boy.

Oddly enough, the boy was the first to break the silence.

"You a time traveler or somethin'?" The question caught him entirely off guard and, perhaps less odd was his lack of a response as he was at a loss for words momentarily.

"Pardon?" He managed after trying to make sense of his question, or see if he was possibly joking. The fluffy haired little farmer's expression assured him that he certainly wasn't joking and his question was quite legitimate.

"Your hair; It's white as snow, but you can't be older than my pa. I ain't seen people with hair like yours." His explanation was accompanied by such conviction in his eyes, the acclaimed white-haired individual was still unable to respond with much else aside an incredibly lame 'uh...'

Luckily, his father cut in before the tension could worsen.

"Donny, stop spoutin' nonsense back there. You got hay for brains, boy? Plenty of people from other countries to the west got hair like him. Goin' off 'bout time travel, everyone's gonna say you've gone mad." As grateful as he was for the father's interjection, he couldn't help feeling the slightest bit of pity toward the boy now identified as Donny. Peeking at the older man, he was

leaning toward Donny in a rather secretive manner and responded rather playfully. He hoped to earn the boy's trust through jest and perhaps be spared of further staring.

"I personally think time-traveler sounds far more interesting."

Bingo; a little grin.

"I reckon nothin's impossible, you know?" The boy whispered back, wary of his father overhearing such wild thoughts of his.

"I heard of these – these wizards and such having magic! Or...uh...Mags 'er something..." Was he trying to think of the word 'mage'? He couldn't remember Ylisse having such a lack of mages that it would be a rarity. Then again...he hardly remembered anything at all. Perhaps the town he came from was just that quaint.

"But if they can do spells, who says they ain't got the means to jump around through time, right? Seems kinda scary. But I sure wouldn't mind doin' it myself for fun once in a while. You could skip right to Sunday supper!"

The white haired individual couldn't help the chuckle that bubbled from his throat, rather fond of the innocent charm of Donny's perception of time travel. There were many terrible things that could be wrought were time travel possible, hence the prospect of using it to leap to a preferred meal was endearing.

"I'd probably skip through rainy days and harsh winters, realistically." He responded honestly, feeling his was rather boring and perhaps even too practical to worth mentioning, though he'd already done so. After such a comment, however, they were dwelling on the topic no further.

As frustrating as it was, keeping awake was far more difficult than expected. Were it any other situation, he was sure keeping alert and studying his surroundings as best possible would come easily, but he still was unsure the specifics of his circumstance regardless. His exhaustion could have come from many things; residual effects of a tonic he'd been slipped, the afterglow of a hex, or any amount of your everyday fatigue that came from common stresses. He'd never consider himself a very uptight individual, and yet...

His brows cinched a bit, body tensing as his fingers were beginning to pull apart the hay pieces that gathered at his feet.

He couldn't much recall what kind of individual he was, *period*. His lapse in memory had been troubling him, but something about it felt eerie and unsettling, or perhaps he was justifiably paranoid. He would expect to remember certain things, information that is ingrained within one's psyche that a simple spell or concoction or even a blow to the head couldn't reverse, and yet—

"—Boy?...Hey, you hear me?"

Startled from his reverie, his lashes were fluttering to attention and was immediately trying to tune into a conversation he hadn't been aware he was a part of.

"I'm sorry—I didn't." He answered abashedly before the farmer was repeating himself.

"I said 'you got a name', stranger? Realized we didn't introduce ourselves before."

A slight dread settled over him as the question that had been troubling him the most was poised before him.

Gods, if he couldn't even remember this much about himself... He couldn't imagine this could be

the work of anything other than a powerful curse. He would have to try to find a healer for this type of memory loss, but for now, it felt too suspicious to say nothing.

-the papers in his pocket.

"R-Robin-" He said with the slightest amount of hesitation upon recalling the documents, though it could be associated with being taken off guard. No one seemed to pay much mind to his stammered response, rather the farmer responded with a nod before continuing his string of somewhat troubling, albeit innocent questions.

"Yer goin' to the capital, right? What business ya got there in the city?" Another thing he couldn't answer...and found himself somewhat panicked that he couldn't.

"You visiting family? That why yer out here alone?"

With the papers providing him with a name he had only deduced was his own upon process of elimination alone, he felt completely and utterly exposed upon the next question. He contemplated stalling for a moment, feigning mishearing his question if only to search more vigorously for the answer himself for a few seconds longer.

Upon opening his mouth, he could only manage the slightest sound before Donny was popping up beside him and excitedly peering out through the front of the carriage; his fluffy head of hair struggling to get the best view possible from behind his father.

"Pa! Is that it? Is that the capital?" His excitement wasn't shared with his father as he responded, though this was presumably the first time Donny had ever seen the city. Pushing himself to his feet and wobbling his way to the front as well, Robin was gingerly peeling back the protective cloth of the carriage to get a view of the city himself; feeling a bit of relief that he and Donny shared a similar feeling of an exciting reveal.

From what he could make of it at such a great distance, it was massive in size and beautifully decorated in stone, wood, marble and granite. The veil of space that blanketed a clear view only had Robin all the more anticipatory to see just how large it was up close, but any further analysis was cut short. A heavy, thick pulse suddenly surged at his temple, setting him off balance for a moment before all sound deafened and left his ears ringing before fizzling into a static. He hadn't noticed the way he'd buckled until Donny was upon him and worrying about him in an innocent fashion.

"I'm alright—just stood up a bit too fast." Offering a pathetic half grin, he was quick to dismiss any further concern; a momentary dizziness washing over him before fading just as quickly. Barely peeking out the front again, Robin turned away to settle himself back down where he'd been seated, fingers curling restlessly into his palms.

This was not his first time visiting the capital of this country. He had seen it before, somewhere.

"Oh, pa says that means you gotta get food in you when you get spinning like that." It made sense from an outsider's perspective and he certainly wouldn't correct his naive deduction.

There was too much he would have to explain and such little knowledge of the topic he had for himself. Brown eyes shifting toward the soft rummaging beside him, he jerked back as a piece of bread was suddenly thrust before his nose.

"I got an apple too if ya want. Did'ja not get enough breakfast?" Good question. Judging by the sharp growl in his stomach in response to having food waved before him, he'd wager he hadn't eaten at all. He might not have even had dinner with the way these hunger pangs were suddenly

erupting with such ferocity.

"Ah, thank you - you don't mind?"

Bashfulness crept over him as he wanted to accept the food as quickly as possible, but it would be rude, he felt, to just snatch it up. Would it also be inconsiderate to offer money? He already planned to offer something upon arriving in the city. Counting the coins was one of the first things he done to try to jog his memory. He wasn't too poor off, but certainly he'd have to ration himself and make wise financial decisions from here on.

"We've plenty to spare. It would be kinda' heartless to let ya go hungry. A little bread and an apple or two is no sweat off our backs." The father dismissed, demonstrating that despite his stern disposition at times, he was a kind individual and something his son obviously admired him for.

Robin eagerly accepted their offering after giving his thanks once again, eating with vigor as he was far more famished than originally anticipated and only upon touching food to his lips was he aware of such an appetite. He ate only what he was offered, that being a small loaf of bread and one apple, though after brutally eying the barrel of apples akin to a ravenous animal, they were offering him a few more apples; something he quite abashedly accepted with a pink to his cheeks as he hadn't intended to intimidate his gracious hosts with his hunger. He didn't have a means to store them, but he certainly would not pass up the offer of free food as his situation didn't warrant the expense of a decent meal with his limited currency.

As they drew closer to the city and the walls of stone and granite grew higher and higher, Robin was spared a moment of his apprehension to regard the city in absolute awe. As impossible as it seemed, the sheer size of the capital was swallowed in the bustling and exciting chaos of its citizens that were plentifully peppered within the gate entrance and even outside of it. The farmer's carriage stopped only a moment at the threshold of the posterns, exchanging a few familiar words with the guards stationed there before setting forth and a moment of surrealism settled over the white haired boy.

He would have to carve his way into a life that already existed and knew nothing about with nothing but the clothes on his back. He'd no doubt be parting with his kind companions in due time and hence forth, he'd have to blaze a trail entirely anew. The tick in his temple and the pumping of his heart grew faster as his fingers shredded the straw that unfortunately found its way in his fingers.

"This is as far as we can take 'ya. I reckon you can find yer way from here?" The kindly farmer had halted his horse, sliding down to lash the reins to a small post.

With a soft thud, Donnel had hopped down with a pail, ready to water the animal as it nickered and pawed the packed earth in anticipation. With fingers wringing softly against his wrist bracers, Robin battled with his apprehension. Should he swallow this embarrassment or pride, whatever held him back from asking more of the city he was supposed to know? Or was information gathering his best course of action? The latter felt more comfortable, albeit perhaps a bit foolish.

"Yeah. You've done much more for me than I ever expected." His hand began to slide to the fold of his pocket but a soft grunt and shake of the farmer's head stopped him, Robin's cheeks coloring.

"Hang on to yer money, boy. It's certainly nothing we couldn't spare. You just be more careful leavin' this place alone next time, y'hear?" He responded with a humbled nod, nearly startling as the shaggy haired son popped into view, grin toothy with a piece or two of dried hay jutting from his brown locks.

"Come by and buy some vegetables next time, too! We can give you a nice discount. Our prices are real good!" They were charming folks, kindness infectious as a smile spread to the displaced traveler's mouth.

"Yeah, I'll be sure to do that. Thank you for everything~"

He felt inclined to bow his head, though the two were pleased enough with a wave in their direction as Robin picked a direction at random and went with it.

If there were a designated time perfectly suited to panic, it would be right then and there. Every circumstance justified having at least a momentary break down, but Robin prided himself in practicality.; or at least the hunch that he was a practical individual considering.

Panicking would do him no good what so ever and coming across as neurotic to a general audience of strangers wouldn't bode well for him, either. He had managed to get this far in one day alone, he would manage one way or another. Currently, the wisest idea was to map out the city; get a feel of where he was and where he had apparently come from and if he were lucky, jog his memory and get a bit of a lead instead of aimlessly grasping for straws.

For the most part, he seemed to blend in here. No one really gave him any strange looks, not so long as he didn't stand gawking at any one thing for too long. But the high walls of the city, alongside the sheer bustle of people certainly was a spectacle all on its own. Flags waved in the noon breeze, a few soldiers marched about with the townspeople.

It seemed to be with harmony that people lived here under their government. There was no sense of tension other than hushed whispers he could hear about more bandit attacks around the borders. It was as the farmer had mentioned; there was discord amongst the people and the random attackers that plagued their fields. It felt good to at least be in a country where it's people and it's rulers seemed more or less peaceful with one another, despite the surge of outlaws.

Peace was always something taken advantage of. The crowds of people did prove to set the light haired traveler on edge from time to time, feeling anxiety grip at having all these voices and bodies mill and bump through the streets, doing daily routines...and yet not a single one was familiar. The thorn of isolation drove itself into the back of his brain a little deeper. In the same token, some ease settled into his bones to know this was not a land ruled by an iron fist. He'd have less to worry about being picked out and locked up for seeming out of place...so long as the papers he owned really were accurate.

After several hours of meandering the streets and attempting to piece something together, maybe establish some sort of lead, he was left with little to work with and decided to redirect his focus to locating a place to stay for the night.

Digging into his pockets, he was pulling out the rather pathetic amount of currency and stared at it with disdain and a cinch to his brow. He tucked it away with a heavy sigh of defeat and pinched the bridge of his nose as he struggled to weigh his options. Certainly coming to the capital of the country had many benefits, but when it came to bargaining a bed, well, he was more than a pretty penny short.

He was lucky to have come across the farmer and his son who were so willing to give him the lift, but he wouldn't hold his breath for similar circumstances in the city. But at the very least, he had to try. Perhaps if he traded his labor services for lodging, he would make some headway...

"I'm sorry, but we have all the work we need. You'd best look elsewhere."

"Oh, to be young~! Cherish your youth while you have it, don't be in such a hurry to grow up."

“Sorry, kid, we’re busy here; can’t take the time to listen to every person who’s got a story.”

“We don’t need any more pretty-faced boys toying with my daughter’s heart; get lost, lout.”

“Is this McKenna’s doing?! You can go ahead and tell that pompous, dizzy-eyed stock-fish that he’ll choke on my boots the next time I see his pathetic face!”

“You don’t exactly look like you’re cut out for this kind of work, kid. I like your spunk, though!”

“No.”

Even after jerking his head back to avoid injury, his nose was still caught in the crossfire- the door slamming just hard enough into it as it was whipped shut in his face and he was momentarily met with an explosion of stars. It took him a moment to regain his sight while the spots slowly faded from his vision.

Quick to check and see if his nose was bleeding, (it wasn’t) Robin was wearily settling himself atop a gathering of crates nestled against the last building he’d made his most recent and potentially final attempt at. Rubbing the sore appendage, he was reaching his free hand into a satchel he’d secured and pulled out a stick of dried fruit he’d been offered out of what he could only presume was pure pity.

His expression remained relatively deadpanned and somewhat annoyed as he chewed, half pouting and a bit too stubborn to wipe the bead of tears that had reactively gathered from the smarting blow to his nose. More outlandish accusations aside, he wasn’t *that* childlike, was he? Arguably, he wasn’t *large* for his age and perhaps leaned on the smaller side, but...--how old was he, anyway?

“Hey, you there,”

a voice interrupted, pulling Robin from his troubling reverie. Lifting his head of fluffy white hair and flicking warm brown eyes about, he tried to locate who had addressed him. A rather breathy chuckle gave him another clue as he turned his head right around to spot a woman peering out from the alleyway just adjacent to where he sat.

“You need work?” Interest immediately piqued, Robin was nodding once in affirmation before she beckoned him to follow. With little to lose, he hopped down from where he sat and skittered over.

It took little else than a look inside and rather unwarranted groping from the ‘woman’ for Robin to revise his decision and fervently decline their enthusiastic offer. Perhaps it could be considered flattery but Robin would have to be on a whole different level of desperate to agree to – he swallowed thickly – *that* kind of work entertainment.

What was life like for the poor beggars who weren’t even as well off as he? The blind or those with loss of limb? It was certainly a harrowing experience, even if only for a day, to be unable to find work and provide for only himself; even more so with no identity at all.

He lifted the broken handle of a discarded broom as he walked back into a small alleyway while he centered his thoughts once more and, more or less, moped a bit. What was the worst that could happen if he did not find work or shelter for the night? He could certainly stand a night out in the elements...but would soldiers come to rouse him for trespassing? It would be best not to garner that sort of attention to himself.

Heavy, hot air gushed from his lips in an exasperated sigh, wrist twirling as the worn rod in hand

rolled over his palm and over the back of his hand, spinning it in a three hundred and sixty degree turn. Oh...he didn't know he could do that. He twirled it again, brows lifted, feeling the natural movement as he could easily wield the staff in a somewhat flashy manner. Did he have some sort of training in defensive arts?

The corners of his lips twitched, beginning to spin the broken shaft faster, switching hands, even taking an imaginary strike outward with a small 'ha!' as he cut the air.

Yes, he was good with his hands...! Alright...so perhaps this type of skill could be put to use. He spun it again, around his back, rolling his wrist and striking. He was pretty cool!

With just a glimpse as the staff flicked over the back of his right hand to spin up into the air, something suddenly caught his eye. A piece of a marking, though too intricate to be a birth mark, drew his attention for just a moment; dull against his skin and peeking out from his wrist bracers. The moment proved long enough for the staff to swing back down with gravity and strike him dead between the eyes, completely shattering any personal fantasy of being suave while he groaned and cupped his face, wood clattering to the ground.

It was best just to leave it, perhaps even shuffle off should anyone have caught an eyeful of such an embarrassing display. Boots scuffing the cobblestone, he moved further down the alley with a deep blush to his cheeks, just around the corner before allowing his earlier observations to come to the forefront. Pulling the stiff leather back carefully between two fingers, his brown eyes scanned what he could see of the foreign design, albeit it seemed incredibly faded.

What kind of art was this...? A family brand? It appeared...well, a bit unsettling with no context behind the multiple eye-like characters. Then again, perhaps someone could identify the design; tell him which family it belonged to or any sort of meaning it had.

It could be a good clue....assuming that's what it really was. Gods, could such a mark be the brand of a thief or other criminal perhaps?! Slapping the leather back down, he yanked the bracer a bit more fitfully down his wrist to cover it up; best *not* to gamble on such a thing.

He tried for the last remaining hours of sunlight to find some possible place to take refuge for the night and from his observation, he was nowhere near a convent or church of any kind to provide potential sanctuary. Nothing was guaranteed of course, and as friendly as the overall people of the city had proven to be, he wasn't so naïve as to flounce about at night without so much as a general knowledge of the city's layout.

He wasn't so lucky as to land a place to sleep, though he couldn't say he was surprised. He also wasn't so daring as to sleep out in the open, lest he want to reap the consequences that came with being entirely exposed. The elements were the least of his worries, though he certainly wouldn't mind a dry place in case of a morning rain.

Wandering as far as he was comfortable in the dwindling hours of twilight, his first glimpse at night life was rather heartening, a new kind of energy glowing in the citizens as lanterns were beginning to illuminate the streets in an array of colorful flames. He wouldn't have minded loitering about and socializing, familiarizing himself with the exciting rush of sundown a bit more, but he knew it wouldn't be wise. Perhaps in time he'd have the luxury, but he had his priorities.

He wasn't fond of being sneaky or dishonest, but he had little other choice if he was going to get by. Nearing the entrance of the city, Robin came across a stable of livestock conveniently abandoned for the evening. He didn't want to consider himself avaricious but he wouldn't lie that he thought twice about utilizing the space simply because of the smell.

Common sense won out, of course, and after finding the cleanest pile of hay, he nestled himself in

as comfortably as he possibly could and fell asleep far faster than he would have anticipated.

He dreamed of eating from a basket of plump, ripe peaches.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!